Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* houſe,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither muſt I and heere I leaue you ſir.

Vin. You ſhall not chooſe but drinke before you go,
I thinke I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheere is toward. *Knock.*

Grem. They're buſie within, you were beſt knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beate downe the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within ſir?

Ped. He's within ſir, but not to be ſpoken withall.

Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your ſelfe, he ſhall neede none ſo long as I liue.

Petr. Nay, I told you your ſonne was beloued in *Padua*: doe you heare ſir, to leaue friuolous circumſtances, I pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is heere at the doore to ſpeake with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. I ſir, ſo his mother ſayes if I may beleeue her.

Petr. Why how now Gentleman: why this is flat knauerie to take vpon you an other mans name.

Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to cozen ſome bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I haue ſeene them in the Church together, God ſend them good ſhipping: but who is heere? mine old Maſter *Vincentio*: now we are vndone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may chooſe Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no ſir: I could not forget you, for I neuer ſaw you before in all my life.

Vinc. What, you notorious villaine, didſt thou neuer ſee thy Miſtris father, *Vincentio*?

Bion.

Bion. What my worſhipfull old maſter
where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeede. *He beates Biond*

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad

Pedan. Help, ſonne, helpe Signior *Bap*

Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's ſtand aſide an
controuerſie.

Enter Pedant with ſeruants, Baptiſta,

Tra. Sir what are you that offer to beat

Vinc. What am I ſir: nay what are you ſi
oh fine villaine, a ſilken doublet, a velv
and a paire of paltaine hat: oh I am vndone, I am
the good husband at home, my ſonne and
at the vniuerſitie.

Tra. How now what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you ſeeme a ſober ancient Gen
but your words ſhew you a mad man: why
if I weare Pearle and gold: I thanke my g
to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile

Bap. You Miſtake ſir, you miſtake ſir, pra
is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his na
him vp euer ſince he was three yeeres old, an

Ped. Awaie, away mad aſſe, his name i
mine onelie ſonne and heire to the lands of

Vin. *Lucentio*, oh he hath murdred his
him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh m
tell me thou villaine, where is my ſonne *Lu*

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad
Father *Baptiſta*, I charge you ſee that he be

Vinc. Carrie mee to the laile?

Gre. Staie officer, he ſhall not go to priſo

Bap. Talke not ſignior *Gremio*: I ſay he

Gre. Take heede ſignior *Baptiſta*, leſt
this buſineſſe: I dare ſweare this is the right

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'ſt,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3706)